

# Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME VI.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY KY., NOVEMBER 14, 1884

NUMBER 91

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.  
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY  
MORNING BY

**MEACHAM & WILGUS.**  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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One copy, one year, strictly cash in advance \$2.00  
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[Yeoman.]  
Some Irish thought of standing Pat, On that "suspicious" day? Till Hurchard got too near the fat And kicked it in the fire; When every son of Erin who Was thus inclined to stand, Just gave his cards a close review And tumbled up his hand.

NEW YORK.  
Nevermore shall rascals fatten On the spoils in old Manhattan; Nevermore shall timid at dinner Sit beside the tattooed stranger; Every leader has his belly Full of King and Home and Kelly.

INDIANA.  
Shout the tidings! Sing Hosanna! Got 'em sure in Indiana, Got 'em in their last resort— Got 'em where their hair is short, Got 'em good and got 'em certain, Ring the bell and hoist the curtain.

CONNECTICUT.  
Shout the lies and break the state, There's trouble in the Nutmeg State; Blaine went out and barked his shins The de'il's to pay and Cleveland wins.

NEW JERSEY.  
Look at me and raise your hats, I'm the cock of Jersey State; I'm the rooster, I'm the rover Standing stiff and straight for Grover.

**Lucky Numbers.**

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Do you believe in certain numbers being more lucky than others?" asked a Tribune reporter the other day of a gambler who was said to play on a "system," and who was consequently about "stone broke."

"Yes, I do," was the reply; "but I am not nearly as superstitious about numbers as some people. If you will come along with me I will introduce you to a friend of mine who swears by them and who has no end of anecdotes."

The reporter and the gambler accordingly wandered their way to a downtown restaurant where the man they sought was found discussing a "steak."

"Do I believe in certain numbers being lucky? Well, you bet I do, and why not? Have you ever studied the question?"

The reporter confessed that he had not.

"Well, I'll explain. You see, card players, for instance, believe that there is good luck under the deuce and bad luck under the nine of diamonds. One theory says that even numbers are unlucky, because each can be divided into two, thereby denoting death and dissolution. Some people are in favor of odd numbers, because God is one in three and because he made the holy day the seventh. The number seven and its multiples were on other grounds made lucky, because a human being sheds his teeth at seven, becomes a youth at twice seven, a man at three times seven, and reaches the limit at ten times seven. I have heard of an old superstition that three handfuls of sand on a dead body are as good as a funeral. Some people have a knack of making out lucky and unlucky years for people by adding together the year of our Lord, the digit which compose that number, the age of the individual, and the number of years between his birth, marriage, or some other notable event in his life."

"Are not people very superstitious about luck in lottery numbers?"

"Yes," continued the old gambler, "more so in that than in anything else. You see, they have no theory and just go blindly. I don't believe in lotteries, but many people do, and the agents of the companies, knowing just what sort of customers they have to deal with, make a specialty of professing to sell 'lucky numbers.' I knew a negro once who dreamed that two particular numbers would turn up prizes, and when they came blank he cut his throat with disappointment. I heard of a man once, too, who bought the ticket that won the capital prize in a lottery, and the day before the drawing it was stolen from him. When he heard that the ticket had won he went raving mad. A man, Anderson by name, kept a small grocery store, and bought four tickets for a lottery numbered consecutively. He was afraid this was unlucky, so the one he exchanged was bought by a man up in one of the frontier forts and it won the first prize. Another time a party of friends going down the Mississippi determined to buy a ticket among them and asked a little girl what number they should purchase. She told them No. 10,000. However, this wasn't mysterious enough, so they bought another number, but No. 10,000 was all the same. A friend of mine once bought the number 14,068, so he had dreamed that that number would win. A few days afterwards he read that 14,068 had won the big prize. He accordingly went out and treated right and left. On looking again, however, he found that he had misread 14,068 for 14,068, so he was out of pocket the drinks."

"Did you ever win anything through your belief?"

"Can't say I ever did."

**The Bad Boy.**

[Puck's Son.]

"Will wonders never cease?" asked the groceryman of the bad boy. "I understand your father is going to start out as a book agent."

"Yes, wonders have ceased," said the boy, as he laughed all over his face. "Pa ain't going to be a book agent. He has gin it up."

"Well, he is mighty changeable," said the groceryman. "The minister told me only last night that he had got your pa the agency of the book called the 'Early Christian Martyrs,' and he hoped he would do well. What's the matter? Don't you pa like the book?"

Oh, the book is all right, but you better wait until pa sees the minister, and you'll see a scragging match. You see the minister told pa that the business of selling books on subscription was the hardest business that was going, the agent received so many rebuffs, and discouragements, and sometimes assaults. He told pa that the only way to make up his mind to stand anything that came along, like a martyr, and if he was reviled to smile, and if he was struck to pray for the person who assaulted him, and not to lose his temper under any circumstances. Pa came home and said he was going to have a rehearsal that night, on selling books, and he had invited the minister and the deacon's wife and son to come over and help. When they all got over to our house pa explained that he wanted to appear to be a perfect stranger to us all, and he would ring the bell and come in to sell a book, and he wanted us to treat him in as bad a manner as we ever heard of a book agent being treated and not show any mercy at all, and if he could stand it without getting mad he thought he would make a success as a book agent. Well, you'd a idee if you had been there. Pa went out on the step with a book under his arm, and rang the bell, and the minister who was bossing the job, told the hired girl to go to the door and if he was a book agent to tell him the family didn't want any books, and slam the door in his face. The girl, who is Irish girl, went to the door and pa bowed politely, and asked her if she was the lady of the house, and told her she was looking charming. That made the girl mad, cause she is the homeliest looking girl in the world, and she knows it, and it made ma mad when she heard pa ask the girl if she was the lady of the house. "That do yez want?" said the girl, and as pa tried to edge in the door with his book she said, "Get out of that ye burgling devil," and she shut the door on pa's coat tail and came back into the parlor and we all had a big laugh at pa. Some of us peeked through a window, and pa's coat tail was caught in such a way he couldn't reach the bell handle to ring again, so he had to take off his coat, and when the bell rang again ma went to the door, and found pa in his shirt sleeves, and when he asked ma if she was the hired girl, ma slammed the door in his face so hard it flattened his nose. Pa was getting mad. We knew that by the way he jerked the filling out of the bell. The minister went to the door, and pa said, "Are you the man of the house?" and the minister said he was, and pa said it was no such a damned thing, and the minister said he didn't want any impudence from no tramp and pa said he wasn't no tramp, and he could whip any man that said he was a tramp, and then he happened to think that was no way to sell a book, so he began to talk about his book of Martyrs. He had got into the hall, and the minister asked him if his book of Martyrs included Blaine and Cleveland and the James brothers, just to see if pa would get mad, and pa said the minister was a condemned fool, and the minister said if pa didn't quit being impudent he would call the servant and have him thrown into the street. Well pa said he could overlastingly knock the stuffing out of all the servants in that house, and the minister called the deacon's son and me to help him, and we grabbed him by his collar and pants, and we made him walk turkey out doors and down the steps, and we left him there. I guess pa was mad enough to have thrown rocks through the windows, only a policeman came along and asked pa what the row was, so pa he sniled and said they were just having some fun, and the policeman pulled pa's coat collar down off the top of his head, tucked his shirt in around the waist, and gave him his hat, and went on, and pa he got to studying how to commence again. The minister said when pa rung the bell again it was a teakettle of hot water on him. Ma wouldn't hear to hot water, so they compromised on water with the chill taken off. He rung again, and the girl took the teakettle and opened the door and soused him. I thought we would all die a laughing, as pa came in the door with the water running down on the carpet. He wasn't going to be mad, until he saw us all laughing, and the deacon's wife said "Hello Mr. Book Agent, been in swimming, hey?" That settled pa. He went in the kitchen and got a couple of pails of water, and he came back and soused the minister and the deacon's wife, and then pick-

ed up a shot gun and said, "Clear out, every condemned one of you, or I'll blow the tops of your heads off!" and they cleared. The minister went through the back kitchen and over the fence, and pa put a charge of bird shot right into the fence, just below where his pants was, and the minister yelled murder and went down the alley. The deacon's wife and son went out the front door real sly, and pa was just getting ready to maul me, though I wasn't to blame, when the same policeman came in and said he would have to run pa in for drunk and disorderly. Pa put down the gun, and laughed and said we was only rehearsing, and the policeman took a drink and went away and then pa said we had made dum fools of ourselves and overdid the thing, and he wouldn't be found dead selling the best book of martyrs ever was. Ma told him he had too much temper to be a martyr, and he said he didn't believe there was a martyr ever lived that would stand it to have his coat-tail split up the back and a teakettle of hot water poured down the back of his neck. He is going to take the book back to the minister this morning, and resign his agency, and if you see the minister preach next Sunday with a oyster tied over his eye, you can conclude pa has been rehearsing again with him. I think we can get more different kinds of fun out of pa than anybody in this town, don't you?"

The groceryman said, "Well, your pa is either a fool, or else he is easily deceived by designing persons. That minister knew your pa never could stand the racket," and then he drew a pint of cider and the bad boy helped him find the bottom of it.

**What Hurt Him.**

He was so hopping mad about it that he had to swallow the lump in his throat three or four times before he could speak English. When the other had patted him on the back and led him around in a circle, he began with:

"Of course, if I made a debt I expect to pay it."

"Of course."

"I'm worth \$20,000, and don't owe \$200 in the world."

"Of course not."

"Well, I was sitting in the office about 11 o'clock this forenoon, when in came a stranger. He introduced himself and took a chair. I was smoking, and it was only courtesy to offer him a cigar. He said he had frequently heard my name mentioned, and I supposed he was some gentleman from the interior of the State who wanted my written legal opinion."

"He seemed rather diffident and embarrassed, and as he had not made his wants known up to noon I invited him home with me to dinner. He readily accepted."

"I see."

"After dinner I showed him all over the house, played billiards with him for half an hour, and then brought him back to the office and gave him another fifteen cent cigar and asked him to come to the point."

"And he came?"

"He did—bless him! He handed me a bill of fifty cents from a tin-shop here in town for mending the wash-boiler and putting a new nose on the tea-kettle?"—Free Press.

**Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.**

The December number closes the sixteenth volume of this admirable publication, and is even more than usually interesting. Now is the time to subscribe, and the new volume promises to be of a brilliant character. In the present number "Refaelio Sanzio Da Urbino," "The Capital City of Georgia," "Schiller, the Poet of Freedom," etc., are prominent articles, beautifully illustrated. Alfred Hervey continues the interesting sketches, "Sacred Musicians of the XIX Century;" the editor, Dr. Talmage, has a characteristic article, "The Epidemic of Swindle," and a sermon in the Home Pulpit, "The Dumb Prayer Answered." There are also serial and short stories, sketches, essays and poems by favorite writers, and a miscellany abundant and entertaining. The illustrations are numerous and fine specimens of art. The price is only 25 cents a number, or \$2.50 per year, post-paid. Mrs. Frank Leslie, Publisher, 53, 55, and 57 Park Place New York.

**On its Last Legs.**

Several ladies and gentlemen visited Central Park, New York, and they admired the animals very much, and more particularly the kangaroo. "That poor animal is going to die pretty soon," remarked Gilhooly punching it with his cane. "I don't see anything the matter with it."

"You don't? Well, I do. Can't you see that it is on its last legs?"—Texas Siftings.

**Why She Didn't Marry Him.**

"Yes, I live pleasantly enough with my husband," she said, "but I believe I should have married Augustus." All the girls hadn't made fun of him, and said he'd be bald as a pumpkin in a year or two. Young men, take warning, and use Parker's Hair Balsam. Cleanses the scalp, restores the color, removes dandruff. 91 2t

**PURGENT PARAGRAPHS.**

It is said that a camel can beat all other animals in a long, hot race. That is because the camel doesn't have to hump itself to get along fast.—Sifting.

A boarding house cook has been awarded \$450 for the invention of a new and improved chicken soup. Perhaps the improvement consists of putting in some chicken.—Derrick.

There is one thing certain about investing in telephone stocks. It is a sound investment. It is not, however, equal to a telegraphic instrument, for that is sounder.—Boston Times.

George—Yes; I take up my violin for my own amusement occasionally, but I never play before company. Tom—Thank you, my dear fellow, thank you, thank you!—Boston Transcript.

A Mexican priest claims to have discovered a key to the Aztec writing, but that is nothing. What a nation wants is a key that the average politician can find when he comes home late from a ward meeting.—Evansville Argus.

A correspondent asks: "Please advise me what a bald head denotes. I find some people grow bald sooner than others." We have always labored under the impression a bald head denoted an absence of hair.—Oil City Herald.

There comes a time in every little girl's life when she is seized with a longing to cook. And there comes a time in every big girl's life when she is seized with a longing to hire somebody else to cook. It comes after she gets married.—Ex.

Scientists say that in 18,000,000 years there will not be drop of water on the earth. The St. John party don't scare worth a cent at this prediction, but it is calculated to create great uneasiness in the minds of circus lemonade vendors.—Norristown Herald.

A queer marriage custom prevails among the ogles in Siberia. If a man wishes to get married he applies to the governor, who selects one of the female prisoners, with whom the matrimonial candidate is expected to "keep company" for two or three days. If at the conclusion of this term the male party declares that the lady selected is not to his mind, he receives twenty-five blows with a stick, and another bride is chosen for him—and so on. In most countries the candidate for matrimony doesn't receive the blow with a stick until sometime after he is married. We don't know but what the Siberian plan has its advantage.—Norristown Herald.

**Malarial Poison.**

ROME, GA., May 23, 1883.

In 1880 I came from the North to take charge of the gas works in Rome, as superintendent, and after the overflow, which occurred in the spring following, I was very much exposed to malarial poison, and in 1882 found my blood so contaminated with poison that I was forced to give up business. I was treated by the home physicians without relief, they advising me to go North, which I did. The doctors North told me that my only hope was to return to the milder climate, and accordingly I came back to Rome, completely broken down and nearly a skeleton. My trouble finally determined in an abscess of the liver, and nearly every one, (myself included) though I was doomed to die in a few days. In this condition I was advised by a friend to take Swift's Specific, and I took it just as a drowning man would catch at a straw, but as soon as my system got under the influence of the remedy, the abscess came to a point and burst, passing off without pain. In fifteen days after this I was up at my work, and have since enjoyed excellent health.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.  
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**A Human Monster.**

"Wasn't Charley Green up to your house last night?" asked one young lady of another.

"Yes."

"How pleasant that was! I think he is just too nice for use."

"Well, I don't," was the snappy reply.

"Why not?"

"Oh, because he's no good."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Why, don't you think after he had been there about an hour he asked Fannie and me to take a stroll with him, and of course we thought it meant oysters, for it was a lovely oyster night, and we were just boiling, and we went out only too quick."

"And didn't you get it?"

"Get it? No! He walked us six or eight squares, and then said it would be so much fun to get weighed, and he took us to grocery store and we got weighed, and that's all we did did get. Now, what do you think of that kind of a man?"

**Piles, Piles, Piles.**

Can be entirely cured by the use of Ethiopian Pile Ointment. For sale by J. R. Armistead, Gish & Garner and G. E. Gaither. Try a bottle. If

Dr. Samuel Hodge's Sarsaparilla and potash is a sure cure for rheumatism, scrofula, scald head or tetter, chronic sores of all kind or any disease arising from impurity of the blood. You can get a trial bottle at J. R. Armistead's, G. E. Gaither's or Gish & Garner's.

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**GROCERIES,**  
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WE GIVE A THOROUGH and Practical Course in Book-Keeping, teaching the best and latest forms of books as used in the many different kinds of business.  
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